



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

"Nor did I," he declares, reviewing his boyhood experiences in reading the Bible, "think highly of David's exploit in killing Goliath. All small boys like heavy-weight champions; and it may be I had a fondness for the big fellow. Anyhow, it seemed to me that David did not fight fairly. Goliath came out with the legitimate weapons for a stand-up fight; David stood at a safe distance and punctured his thick head with a slingshot. If he had missed the first time, he had four more stones to throw; and if he had failed to make a hit with any of them, he would doubtless have run away, and Goliath, encumbered with his heavy suit, would have found it quite impossible to catch him. I felt that David was something like a guttersnipe, who, afraid to fight with his fists, throws stones from a coign of vantage; or like a man with a magazine gun, taking the measure of a hippopotamus. . . ."

"It is of course possible to regard David's victory as the triumph of brains over brawn: Goliath was conservative; he was naturally beaten by the younger antagonist who used more modern methods."

Though such views as these only a generation ago would have seemed the worst sort of impiety, Professor Phelps is not false to his mother's careful training, and concludes:—

"As for David himself, he had many sins to answer for, including murder and adultery in their most malignant form; yet every one loves David for he had a great heart. . . . Sometimes I think the finest episode in his career was when he refused to drink the water brought to him by the three champions."

No one can lay down Professor Phelps's little book without a desire to know more of the Bible and to enter more fully into its profound spiritual teachings.

OUR HOUSE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Robert Roberts, the hero of this novel, is both a cad and a bore. Born of Quaker parents in a staid Pennsylvania village and educated at Yale, he cannot adapt himself to his home surroundings or follow the monotonous business career mapped out for him by his father. On the death of his father he goes

to New York, enters upon graduate work in a university, becomes dissatisfied, gives up a fellowship to which he had been appointed, and resolves to become a writer. In his struggles to find himself and depict life as it is, he plays fast and loose with the affections of two young women, and forces one of them to submit to his base passion. She flees to Italy in shame, but soon afterwards, hearing that he is about to give up his literary aspirations and enter upon a business career, returns to help him. They come to an understanding, and presumably Robert Roberts through marriage with her learned to see life and see it whole. The plot—if such it may be called—is bare, the characters are unreal, emotionless, uninteresting, and the situations devoid of dramatic intensity. The language too is at times stilted and unnatural, as when Katherine Grey (who as a result of an indeterminate residence in the South has acquired an atmosphere of romance as well as “the soft Southern slur”) says to Robert Roberts (no one else being present): “We-all [*sic*] love each other with our minds.”

ROBERT BURNS. By Edward Winslow Gilliam. Boston: The Cornhill Company.

This little drama, written by a devotee of Burns, exhibits little knowledge of dramatic technique and is full of amusing anachronisms and inconsistencies. The poet himself, the protagonist, is a caricature, disguising himself first as a woman, then later, to make fun of the Old Light Pastors, as a bailiff's assistant, and finally in the salon of the Duchess of Gordon, Edinburgh, he appears quoting at great length from his own poetry and paying elaborate compliments to the ladies. Professor Stewart and the Rev. Dr. Blair are even worse travesties in their remarkably trivial conversation about the “festivities of the 400,” the divorces that are becoming too common, the “smile that won't come off,” and their ponderous attempts at puns on the poet's name. It is surprising, too, to discover such blunders as: “villifications,” “scriblers,” “nothing loathe” (adjective), “the man of Uzz,” and “*hair*-brained imagination.” The drama will scarcely add to the fame either of the poet Burns or to that of his enthusiastic admirer, Mr. Gilliam.